

## After the Curfew.

The play is over. While the light  
Yet lingers in the darkening hall,  
I come to a last good night  
Before the final curtain fall.

We gathered once, a joyous throng,  
The jovial toast went gayly round;  
With jest, and laugh, and shout and song,  
We made the floor and walls resound.

We came with feeble steps and slow,  
A little band of long ago,  
Left from the floor of long ago,  
Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

Alive! How living, too, are they  
Whose memories it is ours to share!  
Spread the long table's full array;  
There sits a ghost in every chair!

One breathing form no more, alas!  
Amid our slender group we see;  
With him we still remained "the class,"  
Without his presence what are we?

The hand we ever loved to clasp,  
That restless hand which knew no rest,  
Lost from affection's clinging grasp,  
Lies nerveless on the cheerful breast.

The beaming eye, the cheering voice,  
That lent to life a generous glow,  
Whose every meaning said rejoice,  
We see, we hear, no more below.

The air seemed darkened by his loss,  
Earth's shadowed features look less fair,  
And heavier weight the paces cross,  
His willing shoulders helped us bear.

Why mourn that we, the favored few,  
Whom grasping time so long has spared  
Life's sweet illusion thus pursue,  
The common lot of age have shared?

In every pulse of friendship's heart  
There breathes under a throbbing pain;  
One hour must end its links apart,  
Though years on years have forged the chain.

So ends the "boys"—a lifelong play,  
We, too, must hear the prompter's call  
To fairer scenes and brighter day;  
Farewell! I let the curtain fall.

—Otter Wendell Holmes.

## The Farmer Feeds All.

My foot treads through the palace gate,  
My lady sweeps along in state,  
The sage thinks long on many a thing,  
And the maiden muses on marriage;  
The minister harpeth merrily,  
The sailor plies the foaming sea,  
The huntsman kills the good red deer,  
And the soldier waits without a fear;  
But fall to each what he befalls,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammers cheerily the sword,  
Priest preacheth pure and holy word,  
Dauntless Alice worketh bravely well,  
Click Richard takes of love can tell,  
The tap-wine sells her foaming beer,  
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere,  
And courtesies rattle, stir and din,  
While pages bring the gaudy wine;  
But fall to each what he befalls,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,  
Whichever river runneth by,  
Great cities rise in every land,  
Great churches show the builder's hand,  
Great arches, monuments and towers,  
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers,  
Great work is done, but here and there  
And well man worketh everywhere;  
But work or rest, what he befalls,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

Dead men tell no tales, but the ones  
Who write their obituaries often do.  
If a rooster were as big as his crow,  
A whole family could live on him for six months.

The world seldom looks to see the kind  
Of tracks you left behind, provided you  
Only get there.

It is not to be hoped that after having  
had spring all winter we will have winter  
all the spring.

The most unfair thing that happens to  
women is that engagements are so short  
and marriage so long.

When a man admires a woman that can  
argue, you can depend upon it that the  
woman is some other man's wife.

It is said that it takes three generations  
to make a gentleman. The recipe fails  
when the third generation is a girl.

A young girl in Clinton was badly burned  
by popping corn. This should teach girls  
to let the young men do all the popping.

"Hello, what's this? Barium's ele-  
phant?" "No, you poor idiot; that's a  
picture of my wife. I took it myself."

Squeezes—Why did you marry that Miss  
Dovey? Not for her money, as she has  
none. Nickelby—No; I took her at her  
face value.

A Jersey writer believes that flies buzz-  
ling around the human countenance pro-  
duce hay fever. This is a theory not to  
be sneezed at.

"One may smile and be a villain still,"  
But there is no need of being frightened  
over it. When a villain is still he is all  
right. Let him keep still.

Mr. John L. Sullivan is proud. He  
scores engaging in a prize fight for such  
a paltry sum as \$15,000. Is not the la-  
borer worthy of his hire?

She sang, "Take Back the Heart that  
thou Gavest," very sweetly and effective-  
ly, but he said he was a newspaper man  
and never took anything back.

Araminta—You put your arm around  
my waist so gracefully, George. George  
—I have had lots of practice. I was a  
street car conductor five years.

The Countess—Oh, keep quiet, will you?  
If I had known you were ever going to  
make such a fool of yourself I would  
never have let you pay for me.

Kind gentleman (picking up a boy)—  
That was an awful fall, my young man.  
Why didn't you cry? Small boy—  
I didn't know anybody was looking.

Small boy—(looking intently at a black  
specimen of the colored race)—Did God  
make you, too, of dust? Colored man—  
Yes, sonny. Small boy—Coal dust?

Judge—All the fools have not ceased to  
practice as attorneys, I see. Lawyer—  
No, your honor, there are no judgeships  
enough to provide for the whole of them.

Miss Alice—Well, Bridget, I suppose  
you would give a good deal if you could  
play like that. Bridget—I would, miss,  
but I'd give more if I could play better.

Mrs. Gotham—This paper says mud  
baths will cure rheumatism. Mr. Gotham—  
Nonsense! I've fallen down in Broad-  
way half a dozen times, and it didn't do  
a bit of good.

Subscribers coming in at the rate of  
twenty a day, wrote the editor of a coun-  
try weekly; and the rival journal explained  
that they were coming in to order their  
paper discontinued.

The Parson—And you, Elvira, prom-  
ised—Hold on, there! Just because  
you are marrying us, you've got no call  
to be so familiar. She is Miss Williams,  
so far.

"But," said she, to her husband who  
was criticizing her toilet, "What does a  
man know about a woman's garments?"  
The husband, in a hollow voice: "The  
price, madam!"

Dr. Smith—Your blood is impoverished.  
I shall have to prescribe some iron  
for you. Mr. Jones—Don't, doctor. My  
wife says I look rustier than any other  
man in town already.

Who was the author of the poem that  
your son recited at the school exhibition,  
Mr. Parveto? Well, his name is Laureate  
—the poet Laureate. Funny name isn't  
it? I never heard it before.

"It's as hot as an oven in here," remark-  
ed the city editor as he threw off his coat to  
go to work. "Well, it ought to be," re-  
marked the faculty reporter. "This is  
where we make our daily bread."

"See that you train this child in the  
way he should go," began the minister at  
the christening. "Surround him with  
the best of influences and—who knows  
but that he may become a Washington or  
a Grant. What name, please?" "Jennie,"  
responded the young mother demurely.

## The Earliest Animals.

The earliest traces that can be  
found of any living thing are the re-  
mains of sea-weed and of the club-  
mosses that grow in wet places. Soon,  
however, animals appeared, and the  
layers of Silurian rock are found in  
some places to be entirely composed  
of the shells of animals. Sometimes  
these shells are very small, but some  
are larger than those of any animal  
now in existence. Nor is it by any  
means certain that small animals were  
created first. Little and big seem to  
have existed together. We find the  
shells of animals so small as to be in-  
visible except under the microscope,  
side by side with shells four feet  
broad. The framework of the tiniest  
creature which helped to make up  
these layers of rock is extremely  
beautiful.

The little coral animals commenced  
their busy career during this age,  
building limestone reefs and making  
the beautiful chain coral which can  
still be seen on the limestone cliffs in  
the western states. Another kind of  
animal, related to the coral polyp,  
and called a "crinoid," must have  
greatly added to the beauty of the Si-  
lurian seas. We find its remains in  
the shape of a curiously carved, six-  
sided body. From each of five sides  
a lily-like arm was sent off, and the  
animal was fastened to the rock by a  
stem running from the center of the  
sixth side. Professor Agassiz called them  
"stone lilies."

Other layers of rock are composed  
wholly of the remains of queer ani-  
mals called "trilobites." They be-  
longed to the same family as our lob-  
sters, and varied in size from one  
sixth of an inch to two feet in length.  
There were two great depressions run-  
ning lengthwise in their bodies,  
which divided them into three lobes.  
They had also the same ring-like di-  
visions running around the body as  
are seen in lobsters. They swam on  
their backs, and had the power of  
rolling themselves into a ball. Prob-  
ably this was done to defend them-  
selves from some foe. Many were  
caught in this position when the mud  
was changing into rock, and kept for  
us to see. In other layers of rock  
are found fossils of different animals,  
of the lobster kind. Nothing like  
these old animals is found now.

So many mollusks—that is, soft  
animals with hard shells, like oysters  
—then swam in the waters, that this  
age is sometimes called the "Age of  
Mollusks." They were of all sizes  
and shapes, and there were millions  
and millions of them. There was one,  
belonging to the same family as our  
nautilus, which was four feet across.  
Another resembled a nautilus unroll-  
ed. It was from ten to fifteen feet  
long, and measured a foot in breadth.  
The remains of fishes are found, for  
the first time, in some of the upper  
layers belonging to this period. In  
Wales, in the land of the Silures, they  
claim to have found one layer com-  
posed entirely of fish bones.

Now, there is something we must  
keep in mind when we speak of "re-  
mains" in geology, or else we shall  
be disappointed when we see these  
fossils. If you should ever break  
open a stone, and have the great good  
fortune to find in it the remains of a  
leaf, what would the remains be like?

A real leaf? No, nothing but the im-  
pression of one. No wood—no pulp.  
Simply a picture engraved on the hard  
rock. So, also, with the remains of a  
fish—no body, no bones—only an im-  
pression; but so true a one that geol-  
ogists can tell even the way it  
swam, and, in some cases, the na-  
ture of its food! As you were told  
before, these remains are called fos-  
sils. What a thrill of pleasure it  
must give to find one yourself—to  
think that little bit of world history  
has remained sealed up in a rock for  
centuries, waiting for you to find it!

So far, then, as we have journeyed  
in our travels through the back ages,  
we see a world of water, with such  
plants and animals as live in water.  
It is true that little patches of dry  
land existed, as at the close of the  
first period; and these had even been  
increased a little by the addition of  
beaches. But these bits of land were  
so small, compared with the vast ex-  
panse of ocean, that we are justified  
in calling it a "world of water." It  
must have been a very thickly in-  
habited "water-world," since whole  
layers of rock were made from the  
animals which swam in its depths or  
paddled on its surface.—*St. Nicholas.*

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so much. Do not delay. Send three 2-cent stamps  
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& Co., Boston, Mass.

Three Women Who Write.

Three women whom the public  
takes an interest in were on upper  
Broadway the other afternoon. The  
first was the Marquise Lanza, the  
daughter of Dr. Hammond, a stout,  
well-proportioned, bright-eyed, rosy-  
checked woman, with a wealth of  
curly brown hair. She lives in style  
in Seventy-second street, has num-  
berless friends and entertains in a  
quaint way. Her rooms are deco-  
rated with odd pieces of bric-a-brac,  
gathered during many trips abroad.  
She is one of the best mandolin play-  
ers in New York, quick at repartee,  
and many leagues in advance of most  
women in originality of ideas and lib-  
erality of thought. She has about  
completed a new novel.

The second woman is slight of  
build, but would be noticeable even  
in a crowd. She has a singularly open  
face and a profusion of fluffy hair.  
She goes along the street with the air  
of a business woman, who has a great  
deal to do and only a short time to  
do it. It is Ella Wheeler Wilcox,  
the poetess of passion, although she  
looks very far from being a poetess.  
Like the Marquise Lanza, she enter-  
tains on a liberal scale and her par-  
lors are always crowded on reception  
nights. She has hopes of establish-  
ing a salon in New York. She is

making money rapidly with her pen,  
has an army of friends, perfect health  
and has every reason to feel proud  
of herself and look on the pleasant  
side of life.

The third woman is Gertrude Flo-  
rence Atherton, also a blonde, strong  
of build and with the glow of health  
on her cheeks. She was a California  
girl originally, but has taken up  
her abode in New York. She lives  
quietly in handsome apartments, en-  
tertains a few chosen friends when-  
ever they favor her with a visit, but  
devotes most of her time to her li-  
terary work. Her novels have been  
unusually successful, and the one  
that is now leaving the publisher's  
hands bids fair to create as much  
stir as "Hermia Suydam." Mrs.

Atherton is a sister of the wife of  
Consul-General Rathbone, our rep-  
resentative in Paris. During her vis-  
it to Paris last year Zola paid her the  
unusual compliment of a visit and  
spoke very highly of her novels. In  
London Prof. Shairp gave a great  
reception in her honor, at which Rus-  
kin, William Black, Rider Haggard,  
Mrs. Mona Caird, Oscar Wilde and  
others were present.

What To Teach Young Women.

A mother writes to me: "What  
shall I teach my daughters?" This  
important and tremendous fact,  
my sister—That there is no happi-  
ness in this world for an idle woman.

It may be with hand, it may be  
with foot; but work she must, or be  
wretched forever. The little girls of  
our families must be started with this  
idea. The curse of our American so-  
ciety is that our young women are  
taught that the first, second, third,  
fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth,  
fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life  
is to get somebody to take care of  
them. Instead of how under God,  
they may take care of themselves,  
and that, too, after having, through  
the false notions of their parents,  
wasted the years in which they ought  
to have learned how successfully to  
maintain themselves. It is inhuman  
and cruel for any father or mother  
who pass their daughters into wom-  
anhood having given them no facility  
for earning their livelihood. Mad-  
ame de Staël said: "It is not these  
writings that I am proud of, but the  
fact that I have facility in ten occu-  
pations, in any one of which I could  
make a livelihood." We should teach  
our daughters that work of any kind,  
when necessary, is a credit and honor  
to them. It is a shame for a young  
woman, belonging to a large family,  
to be inefficient when the mother and  
father toil their lives away for her  
support. It is a shame for a daugh-  
ter to be idle while her mother toils  
at the wash-tub. It is as honorable  
to sweep house, make beds or trim  
hats, as it is to twist a watch-chain  
or embroider a slipper.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Words of Wisdom.

A silver spoon doesn't make the  
soup taste any better.

A short absence quickens love, a  
long absence kills it.

A jewel of a woman is better than  
a woman of jewels.

If thou would'st walk in light, make  
other spirits bright.

Women are entitled to life, liberty  
and the pursuit of men.

Our prayers are ships. We send  
them to no uncertain port.

A golden mirror makes a fool's  
face fairer than an angel's.

Don't anticipate evil. The evil  
when it comes is had enough.

Encourage the modest man too  
much and he will become vain.

Getting cheated yesterday is what  
teaches a man to cheat to-day.

Strive to ignore prejudice, and work  
solely in the interest of truth.

One good counsel is better than all  
hopes and consolation put together.

One thing can always be found,  
even where it does not exist. That  
is fault.

Poverty is the only burden that is  
not lightened by being shared with others.

What a man does for others, not  
what they do for him, gives him im-  
mortality.

Wealth is unbecoming a fool or  
miser; arrogance a beggar; roguish-  
ness a wise man.

Good deeds make good days. Good-  
ness is holiness and the good makes  
all days holy.

If it be true that "truth is stran-  
ger than fiction," how exceedingly  
queer it must be sometimes.

We often console ourselves for be-  
ing unhappy by a certain pleasure  
that we find in appearing so.

A young man was entrusted with  
the money to bring home a good fam-  
ily sewing machine. The hopeful  
son carried off a neighbor's daughter,  
married her, and brought her home,  
declaring that was the best family  
sewing machine he could procure.

Eight of the twenty-three Presi-  
dents were certainly of English ori-  
gin: Washington, the two Adams,  
the two Harrisons, Tyler, Taylor and  
Lincoln. Fillmore's name indicates  
equally English or Celtic blood, and  
Pierce's biographers do not trace his  
ancestry. Seven American Presi-  
dents were of Irish blood;—Madison,  
whose mother, Eleanor Conway, was  
an Irish woman; Jackson, the hero  
of New Orleans; Polk, Buchanan,  
Johnson, Arthur, and Cleveland,  
who is Irish on the maternal side,  
Three were Scotch: Monroe, Grant,  
and Hayes; one, Jefferson, was of  
Welsh ancestry; one, Van Buren, of  
Dutch; one, Garfield, of German,  
and on his mother's side, of French  
Huguenot blood.

"Don't sleep with your mouth  
open," said Fred to his younger brother.  
"You should breathe through  
your nose." "But I don't know when  
my mouth is open. What do you do  
when you wake up and find your  
mouth open?" Why, I get up and  
shut it."

## SWALLOWED BY AN ALLIGATOR.

A Human Skull and a Watch Found in a  
Saurian's Stomach.

Tim Smith, a colored laborer work-  
ing on W. F. Fuller's orange grove at  
Edgewater, comes to Palatka nearly  
every day to a workhouse. To do this  
he is compelled to pass Buzzard Is-  
land, a dark and lonely place, grown  
up with brush and inhabited by all  
sorts of wild birds, and may well be  
termed the home of the alligator, ow-  
ing to its distance and dark waters,  
which are seldom disturbed beyond the  
ripple of an oar manipulated by the  
huntsman.

For several weeks Tim Smith noticed  
a particularly large alligator, whose  
back was filled with barnacles and  
long green moss. The alligator was  
never known to demonstrate any fear,  
and would not get out of Smith's way  
under any consideration, allowing him  
to row rather close toward him.

Recently, when Smith started for  
town, he put a Winchester rifle in his  
boat for the express purpose of giving  
his gatorship a load of cold lead.  
When opposite Buzzard Island the al-  
ligator reappeared, and, rowing to  
within easy range, Smith fired five  
shots at the monster, all of which  
seemed to take effect, for the alligator  
made a terrible flutter in the water, and  
turned over on its back.

Three days later Smith found the  
dead alligator floating near by, and,  
trusting a rope about its head, towed it  
to the Edgewater grove, when the al-  
ligator was found to measure 16 feet 2 1/2  
inches in length, two balls having en-  
tered the skin just back of the head.

Smith then set to work and skinned  
the saurian for market, when to his  
great surprise the ducky came across a  
human skull, perfectly formed, and  
unbroken, but owing to the supersti-  
tiousness of the negro he stopped skin-  
ning the alligator, which operation was  
finished by a white employee on the grove.

Further dissection brought to light a  
gold watch bearing the initials "G. L.  
T." The skull and watch are now on  
exhibition at Fry's taxidermy store.

Who the unfortunate man was no  
one seems to know, as the initials are  
not familiar about here, but it is sup-  
posed that he was a sportsman, and  
who, alone, was attacked and devoured  
by the alligator, as is quite often the  
case with northern tourists who come  
to Florida and navigate its streams  
without a guide to keep them from the  
dark and dangerous tributaries that  
empty into the St. John's.—Palatka  
Herald.

Bill Neff and the Lynx Both Surprised.

A large male lynx made a visit to Bill  
Neff's cabin on the Emerald and made  
a lengthy stay—in fact, Mr. Lynx is  
there yet. The animal was attracted  
by some meat that was hanging out-  
side the door of the cabin. There was  
no lock or bolt to secure the opening,  
and while it was climbing up to reach  
the meat the door swung open and al-  
lowed the lynx to flounder in, where  
he proved a genuine surprise party to  
Bill, who was whiling away the hours  
by reading tiger stories. It was hard  
to tell which was the most surprised,  
the lynx or the man, but the former  
evidently thought Bill meant business  
when it saw him reach for the ax, and  
at once made a spring.

For several minutes they fought at  
close quarters, and at last Bill broke  
away from the beast and climbed up on  
the sleeping bunk, where he could get  
the elbow room to swing his weapon. On  
came the lynx, but missed his footing.  
This was Bill's time. As the animal  
made another spring for the bunk, the  
ax was swung aloft and the pole was  
brought down on the skull of the ani-  
mal with the usual "thud, thud, thud."  
The lynx dropped in a heap,  
and Bill came down from his perch to  
find that his blow had smashed the  
skull. The animal was stone dead.

Neff's dog, a large pointer, was torn to tatters, and  
he says the lynx weighed 150 pounds.

We are promised one of the paws,  
which covers a surface larger than a  
man's hand, and shall be pleased to  
show it to any one who doubts the  
story.—Silverton Miner.

The Fashion in Jewelry.

The gift of almost any foolish, danc-  
ing bit of jewelry makes a woman  
happy, but if some one chances to give  
her just now a funny little gold heart,  
like the old-fashioned carnation chain  
her mother wore, she slips a fine gold  
chain through the lover's knot that  
makes the loop, and hangs it about  
her neck, if it is a locket, or pins it on  
the front of her gown if it is a brooch,  
and feels herself just the happiest wo-  
man in all the world. For you see,  
she has the very latest ornament that  
the goldsmith has devised for making  
her pretty and happy.

It may be of gold without ornamenta-  
tion, unless her name be engraved  
on one side and some pretty sentiment  
on the other, or it may have (and then  
she is best indeed), a moonstone set  
in the center and be rimmed about with  
brilliant pearls, or it may even have  
a big pearl or diamond in place of the  
moonstone, if she really prefers to have  
it so, and man have it. But it is just as  
well if she can't, for the moonstone is  
quite as pretty and quite as fashiona-  
ble just now.—New York Evening Sun.

The record for the largest amount of  
butter produced by a cow in one year  
has been broken by a cow owned by  
D. F. Appleton, of Ipswich, Mass.,  
who, with three days to spare, pro-  
duced 941 pounds, 11 ounces. The pre-  
vious record was 920 pounds, 11  
ounces, held by Landseer's Fanny,  
owned by Dr. William Morrow, of  
Nashville, Tenn.

A Humble Hero's Death.

Engineer Burns, who was killed in  
the wreck at Robert's station, in Hen-  
rietta county, was the author of a  
heroic act ten years ago that made him  
for a time famous. He was the engi-  
neer of a fast passenger train on the  
main stem of the Louisville and Nash-  
ville road. One day he detected, only  
a short distance ahead, a little child  
sitting in the middle of the track play-  
ing with its rattle. He couldn't stop  
the train, the distance was so short,  
but he ran out and climbed down on  
the cowcatcher, and fastening one foot  
behind the bars to balance himself, re-  
ached out and snatched the child up.  
Burns was presented with a gold  
medal and greatly lionized by the press  
and people for his heroic deed. Sto-  
ries of this kind have been read in the  
Sunday school papers, but this was an  
actual occurrence. Owensborough,  
Ky.) Messenger.

At St. Malo, France, between 3 and  
4 o'clock in the afternoon, many per-  
fectly reputable inhabitants saw three  
suns, all in a row, above the western  
horizon. The sky was very clear at  
the time.

Every traveler should have Johnson's Ando-  
line in their satchel. 54c and reliable.

"Mike, why don't you fire at those  
ducks? Don't you see you have got  
the whole flock before you?"

"I know I have; but when I get  
good aim at one, two or three others  
will swim right behind it and me."

A SCRAP OF PAPER SAVED HER LIFE.—It was  
just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but  
it saved her life. She was in the last stages  
of consumption, told by physicians that she was incur-  
able and could live only a short time; she weighed  
less than 100 pounds. On a rainy day she was wrap-  
ping up a box of the King's New Discovery, and  
got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a  
large bottle, it helped her more, bought another  
and grew better fast, consumed less and in a few  
weeks, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds.  
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drugist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonder-  
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supports the imitations and there's  
a crowd of them hanging to Pear-  
line. It saves work for them, as it  
does for everybody. It saves them  
talk, too. It's the one cry of the  
peddler that his imitation is "the same  
as Pearline," or "as good as Pearline."

It isn't true, but it shows what he thinks  
of Pearline. He knows that Pearline  
is the standard—the very best for its  
purpose. So does everybody who  
has used it.

Beware of the basket gang—be sure  
you get Pearline. Get it from your  
grocer—and send back any imita-  
tion he may send you.

Pearline is never peddled, and  
is manufactured only by

JAMES PYLE, New York.

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**I HAVE GOT**

The largest and best line of

**BOOTS & SHOES**

In my store I ever had, and prices on them are  
lower for the quality. I mention one line in par-  
ticular made expressly for me; it is a

**DAISY,**

And you will say to when you see it, in width, D,  
and E and common sizes, D and E size from 2 1/2  
to 7, price \$2.50, other parties are asking \$3.00 for  
no better, come in and see it.

We are agents for the

**WAVELY**

**"School Shoe,"**

every pair warranted; if your children are hard  
on shoes, get a pair of these; they will last.

**MEN'S SHOES**

In all grades, with and prices from \$1.25 to \$3.25.  
Before you buy your spring shoes come in and see  
ours and get our prices.

**H. W. BUCHANAN,**

Barton Landing, Vt.

**C. E. Dow**

DEALER IN

**General Md'se,**

West Glover, Vt.,

Eyes leave to say on this

**P A G E**